

Mr. Real Estate

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/85986221) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/85986221>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Consensual Non-Consent , Sexual Roleplay , Dirty Talk , Feminization , Humiliation Kink , Degradation Kink , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Shameless Smut , Safe Sane and Consensual , Breeding Kink , Barebacking , Anal Sex , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Aftercare , no beta we die like Ilya's parents
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-06-02 Words: 1,666 Chapters: 1/1

Mr. Real Estate

by [Sirens_scales](#)

Summary

Mr. Rozanov came highly recommended. He was supposedly the best in the business, which is why Shane had hired him.

It didn't hurt that he was insanely attractive, either. Shane doubted there was another real estate agent in Ottawa who could match Rozanov's ability to fill out a button-down.

-OR-

Shane and Ilya engage in some CNC roleplay where Shane is buying a house and Ilya is his sexy real estate agent.

Notes

Mind the tags! This is not as dark as it at first appears to be. (In other words, don't save Shane; he is exactly where he wants to be.)

This is a birthday gift for the talented and lovely [HelluvaBoink](#). Midway through writing this I realized I had chosen to write a birthday gift about sexy real estate for someone who is currently locked in a battle of wills with their landlord. My ability to read a room is unparalleled.

Happy birthday, Bex. Try not to get horny the next time you talk to your landlord.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

“The natural light in here is incredible.”

Shane stood in the spacious front room and admired the windows taking up most of the back wall. They could put the breakfast nook right there. Maybe hang a bird feeder from the lowest branch of that oak.

“You like this? Wait until you see the master bedroom.”

He turned to look at the real estate agent. Mr. Rozanov came highly recommended. He was supposedly the best in the business, which is why Shane had hired him.

It didn't hurt that he was insanely attractive, either. Shane doubted there was another real estate agent in Ottawa who could match Rozanov's ability to fill out a button-down.

Anyway. He cleared his throat. “Which way's this bedroom?”

Mr. Rozanov flashed him a charming smile. It came across a bit more wolfish than was strictly professional. “This way. Right at the end of the hall.”

Shane walked into the master bedroom first, Ilya right behind him. The door snicked shut, but Shane was too busy admiring the square footage to notice. It wasn't until he heard the lock click that he realized anything was wrong.

He furrowed his brow in confusion. “Hey, what was—“

He'd managed to turn halfway around when a hand fisted in his hair and slammed him into the wall so hard his teeth clicked together.

He was too stunned, for a moment, to struggle. When he did push back, Mr. Rozanov was right there, using his whole body weight to pin Shane to the wall.

He leaned in, hot breath gusting over Shane's ear. “Fucking tease,” he growled. “Coming in here in those tight pants, wiggling that perfect ass in my face.”

“*What?*” Shane said, bewildered.

“Do not play innocent with me. You have been begging me for this.”

“I wasn't—what the fuck? Get off, let me go—”

Rozanov nuzzled into his neck, huffing and inhaling his skin like it was some kind of drug. “No. I do not think I will.”

Okay. This was not happening. Whoever this freak thought he was, he'd picked the wrong guy to fuck with. Shane pressed his palms to the wall and shoved back as hard as he could.

Rozanov grunted, but he didn't move. He *didn't move*. Shane had used all his strength, and he had just... taken it.

That was when Shane really started to panic. He kicked and thrashed, tried to slam his elbow back into Mr. Rozanov's gut and buck him off. He snapped his head back with every intention of knocking the guy's teeth out.

None of it worked. Rozanov gripped his bicep and shoved his arm back. The hand in his hair tightened, slammed him forward so his cheek ended up mashed against the wall.

Shane realized with horror that Rozanov was *laughing*.

"Oh, you are so strong! Is okay. You can fight all you want. I will let you pretend you don't want this, but I will still give you what you need."

Rozanov worked a hand between Shane and the wall and got to work on opening his fly.

"Wait," Shane said, panic clogging his throat. "Wait wait wait—"

Rozanov ignored him. The moment his pants were open, he shoved his hand down the back of Shane's pants, beneath the waistband of his underwear. His fingers plunged between his cheeks. He groaned against Shane's neck as he circled Shane's hole.

"You say you do not want me, but look. Your body tells the truth. Little pussy is already so wet."

Shane's face burned. "I don't—it's not a *pussy*, I'm—"

"Then why is it so wet for me, hm? You are dripping back here. Little slut. Were you thinking of this the whole time I showed you the house, pretty pussy getting slick for my cock?"

"No," he gasped. "I wasn't, fuck, it's not for you—"

"Do not lie to me. Who else?"

"Jesus, it was my husband, it's lube from when we fucked this morning!"

Without warning, Ilya plunged two fingers knuckle deep into his hole. Shane wailed.

"Mmm, no. I don't think so. You are wet for *me*. You think you are subtle? I know you are a desperate little cock whore. Pretend you want to buy this house, set up private viewing so you can have me all alone. Walk around saying, 'oh, the natural light is incredible,' while your hungry little cunt drools for me."

Shane's mouth hung open. The humiliation made his stomach churn. There was nowhere to go. He was already pressed as close to the wall as he could go, and moving back would mean impaling himself even more on Mr. Rozanov's fingers. He whimpered and sniveled and clawed at the wall. He blinked the tears from his eyes and shook his head. "No," he whispered, "I didn't—I'm not—"

"You are," Rozanov purred, and used his other hand to wrench Shane's pants down around his knees.

Shane flailed. “What—what are you—”

“Shhh, it’s okay, pretty slut. I’m going to give you what you need.” Rozanov rocked his fingers in and out of them. The tips barely whispered against that spot, and Shane was tingling and trying not to arch into his touch. Oh god, he was hard. Maybe Mr. Rozanov wouldn’t notice. “Just have to open you up. Your little pussy is so *tight*.”

“Open me up for what?” Shane winced at the high, panicked squeal of his own voice.

Rozanov chuckled darkly. He dragged his tongue slowly up Shane’s neck. “You know what.”

He kicked Shane’s legs apart.

“No. No no no, oh god, don’t...” he moaned. Rozanov withdrew his fingers, and a moment later Shane was scrabbling away from the prodding heat of his bare dick.

Rozanov hooked a thumb in his cheek and tugged it apart. Cold air tingled over his wet hole, and he flailed and jerked. His cock throbbed, and maybe he could hide that part, but surely Mr. Rozanov wouldn’t miss the way his hole spasmed. “Please,” he whispered. Hot tears spilled down his face.

“*Da*. Beg me, pretty girl. Pretend you don’t want it.”

Shane wailed and sobbed as the head of Rozanov’s cock breached him. His blunt nails scrabbled against the wall. “You’re not even gonna... no condom?”

Rozanov tsked at him. “Pussy this sweet, and you want me to waste it with condom? Mm-mm. Have to fuck you bareback.” He laughed, low and cruel. “Why, sweetheart? Oh. I know.”

He stroked Shane’s hair, pet his face with perverse tenderness. “You are afraid to get pregnant. Well, maybe, if you are very, very good, I will be nice and pull out.”

Shane choked on a sob. His forehead thunked the wall. “Please, please, stop, you can stop this,” he begged.

“Oh no. I have this perfect cunt gripping me dick. No way I can—*fuck*—I can stop.” Then Rozanov drew his hips back, hovered for a second, and slammed inside him.

Shane screamed. Rozanov’s dick was enormous, splitting him open and battering his prostate. He jerked Shane back on his cock with every punishing thrust. His fingers dug into his hips so hard he’d surely leave bruises.

“This is what you need,” he grunted into Shane’s ear as he pounded into him. “I know your husband has not been treating this cunt right. He can’t fuck you the way you need it, poor girl. I will give it to you right.”

Shane kept shaking his head, his teeth clamped tight together, trembling and pressing to the wall as if he could get away. Rozanov didn’t seem to care. He fucked him mercilessly, and Shane’s cock leaked and throbbed where it was trapped against the wall.

There was no stopping it. He was going to come. He was just a toy to be used, sobbing and shaking as Rozanov tore him apart, and it was the best fuck of his life.

He didn't bother trying to muffle his cry when it happened. He shot all over the wall, his back bowing, every muscle locking up as he came so hard he saw spots behind his eyes. Rozanov's pace never faltered, the pounding rhythm of his cock drawing Shane's orgasm out until he thought he might die.

At last it was over, and he sagged against the wall, moaning weakly. Rozanov's voice panted in his ear. "Remember—mm—I said I would pull out?"

Shane whimpered with overstimulation. He cringed away from Rozanov's thrusts, eyes squeezed shut, and managed a tiny nod.

"I lied," Rozanov hissed, and his hips went still as he emptied himself inside him.

Shane whined. He scratched at the wall like it would do him any good. His legs buckled. He didn't know how much longer he could keep standing.

Ilya placed a hand on the small of his back. He eased out slowly, peppering kisses over Shane's shoulder and neck and whispering praise in Russian. Shane was wobbling like a newborn fawn, so Ilya guided him back until his calves hit the edge of the bed.

Shane collapsed back a second before Ilya tumbled down beside him. Two full grown hockey players was a lot of force for one bed to take, but he wasn't worried. They'd made sure to get a sturdy one. He floated on a wave of pure bliss, staring up at the ceiling with a punch-drunk grin as he waited for his limbs to start working again.

The bed shook. He frowned, turned his head to see that Ilya was *laughing*.

"What's so funny?" he asked. He was already grinning himself, and he didn't even know why yet.

Ilya's head flopped to the side. He looked unfairly gorgeous for someone who'd just fucked like *that*: his face flushed, his skin shining with sweat, bright white teeth gleaming as he laughed. "*Moya lyubov*. You are only man alive who would make kinky sex game out of *real estate*."

Shane snorted with laughter. He reached behind his head to the mountain of pillows for something to throw at him.

End Notes

Did you like it? You should leave me a comment. Comments are cool.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!